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ginal affords many examples of this kind. I deem *Coll Gwynva* defective also in those small words, which I may call connectives; the dependence of one part of the sentence on the other is often not sufficiently clear. As an example, I shall mention the first lines in the first Book. The connection of "*idd y byd ei vlas*" with "the forbidden tree" is not so easy and natural as that of the original; and much worse is the connection between "*gan golli Eden*" and "*echrys wae*." And, as to "*meddu y vro gain*," I do not understand its construction. It is preceded by the conjunctive *a*; but to what word it is joined I cannot make out. Through a deficiency, in not well connecting together the different clauses of sentences, there is a considerable obscurity in many parts, so that I am often obliged to refer to the original, before I can comprehend the meaning. Perspicuity is an excellency, which should not be excluded from any work intended for the general good. Though the original has many sentences and periods very much involved, and, consequently, rather obscure, yet they are not, I conceive, in any degree to be compared with those we meet with in the translation.

Pardon me for speaking so freely of the work of one who has done so much for his country. I merely touch on the subject, expecting others, more competent, to take it in hand. A little discussion, carried on in a right temper, with candour and moderation, may be productive of much good. Success to your labours. You have the best wishes of your fellow countryman.

Nov. 10, 1821.

J. O. C.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. XIII.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—Having had a *few bars' rest*, I resume my observations on *Cymru's* sweet melodies with much pleasure, and, as the *Second Number** has at length been published, I cannot do better, perhaps, than notice some of the airs which are contained in it.

* This has reference to the new selection of Welsh Melodies by Mr. Parry, just published.—ED.

"Holl Ieuenctid Cymru,"—*All ye Cambrian Youth*, was mentioned in my last letter*: I shall merely add, that Mrs. Hemans has written some delightful words to it, and named the song "The Green Isles of Ocean."

The next in rotation is "The Minstrelsey of Chirk Castle," (of which a description was given in p. 415 of your first volume), with words by A. A. Watts, Esq. entitled "Be happy to-day."

"Rhyban Morvudd,"—*Morvudd's Ribbon*, is a most elegant flowing melody: an admixture of Italian refinement with Cambrian simplicity pervades it. The words, by J. H. Wiffen, Esq. are exceedingly appropriate, commencing—

"'Tis the step of my *Morvudd*, more graceful, more free,
Than the fawn of the forest, or nymph of the sea."

Morvudd was beloved by the celebrated poet David ab Gwilym, who composed, in her praise, about one hundred and fifty odes; but, notwithstanding he wooed her faithfully for many years, she was married to Rhys Gwgan, an officer who served in the battle of Cressy, A. D. 1346 †.

"Mwynen Gwynedd," *The Melody of North Wales*. Words have been written to this bold and characteristic air, complimentary to the revival of the *Eisteddfodau*.

"Strike, strike the harp! for now no more alarms
The tramp of fiery steeds, nor the clang of arms.
Cambria's Bards' assembled throng
Wake the lyre of proudest song,
Pouring far the hills among
The strain that memory warms."

This is harmonized for three voices with a harp accompaniment.

"Tros y Dwr,"—*Over the Water* ‡. The more this melody is performed the more it must be admired. The words, by Mr. J. Jones, of Swansea, author of "Lorin, or the Wanderer in Wales," are very applicable. The contrast between the troubled times of *Rhys ab Tewdwr*, in the eleventh

* CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. ii. p. 361.

† We have, in a preceding article, given a biographical notice of Davydd ab Gwilym.—ED.

‡ See vol. ii. p. 362 of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

century, and the present peaceable days, is very powerfully drawn, and the burden is exceedingly appropriate.

—“Sweet vale of the Tywy—

Where thy own native lark, in the morning's young ray,
Thrills a matin salute to the bright god of day,
And thy glens are exulting to echo the lay.”

“Cader Idris.”—*The Seat of Idris*. Every body has heard of this celebrated mountain, which is near Dolgellau. 'Tis said, that *Idris* was a giant, and a sublime astronomer, and that he used to contemplate the heavenly bodies from this lofty mountain*. The words, adapted to this melody by Mr. Wiffen, commence

“I pass'd in its beauty the Dee's Druid water.”

Respecting the air itself I shall take the liberty of quoting Mrs. Hemans' words. In giving her opinion on the second volume of “*Welsh Melodies*,” she says—“Besides those airs, to which I had written words, I was particularly pleased with the grace and lightness of the serenade ‘*Ellen Dear*,’ and with that beautiful melody (of which the words also are excellent) ‘*Cader Idris*.’”—She was pleased to pass a compliment on the arrangement, which my *diwagsawrwydd* will not permit me to insert!

“*Hob y deri dando* †.” The melody is given in the Number before me, as sung in North Wales, which is somewhat different from the air sung in the South; but both modes are exceedingly pleasing and very original. The words by Mr. J. Jones, commencing

“The summer storm is on the mountain,
Hob y deri dando, &c.”

are arranged for two voices after the manner of the Cymry, which render them very effective.

“*Mwynen Mon*,”—*The Melody of Mona*. This truly Welsh composition was mentioned in vol. ii. p. 361, of your work, and the beautiful words, adapted to it by Mrs. Hemans,—

“The Lament of the last Druid”—

were inserted in your last Number ‡.

* See p. 388 of the last volume for a brief notice of Idris.—ED.

† See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 253.

‡ Lest it might be considered *egotism* in me, to speak so highly of the

I shall close this letter with observing, that I fully agree with the writer, whose account of the competition for the Silver Harp at the Carnarvon *Eisteddvod* you inserted in your last number. When I heard of the decision *I was very much astonished*; this is all I deem it proper to say on the subject, whatever I may think.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

Newman Street,

JOHN PARRY.

Dec. 10, 1821.

ETYMOLOGY.

IT cannot have escaped the penetration of our readers, that we have, on sundry occasions, betrayed a particular fondness for etymological researches. That such is our propensity we have no hesitation in avowing; nay, more than this, we are not ashamed to confess, that, if ever we were disposed to mount one of those high-mettled creatures, yclept a hobby-horse, this same subject of etymology is the very one we should choose. To be sure, it is by no means improbable, that we might find our steed occasionally somewhat restive, and might even, as hath befallen other hobby-horsemen before us, stand a fair chance of being now then pitched over our hippogriff's head, to our manifest chagrin and discomfiture. But we hereby forewarn all whom it may concern, that not even these appalling hazards, which, like true knight-errants in literature, we should most willingly encounter, shall ever deter us from bestriding the aforesaid hobby-horse when and as often as our inclination so prompteth. The sequel of this article will explain the necessity of the foregoing sage ruminations, though, at this moment, we deem it fitting to add, nothing is farther from our inclination than to mount a horse of any sort whatever, our present business being, as the reader will soon discover, with quadrupeds of quite another description. In a

publication under notice, be it recollected, that the "Melodies" are the composition of—I wish I could say whom!—and that the Poetry has been supplied by various literary friends. I must be regarded, therefore, as an architect, or rather a builder, who erects a superstructure with materials provided for him.—J. P.